

The Evening World

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WALL STREET'S COAXING.



EVERY gambling house adopts methods to bring in trade. The uptown gambling houses, where roulette wheels spin at night and the cards glide softly from the faro box, employ well-dressed runners to frequent the hotels and make the acquaintance of men with money who come to New York to spend it. Some of these gambling houses have attached to their outside staff members of clubs of good social repute, who induce their fellow members to gamble. The percentage of the game, with a little dexterous dealing and an adjustable roulette wheel, pays all the expenses of these outside men besides the cost of running the house and police and political alliances. There is remaining immense profits to the gambling proprietor.

All they need is customers with money. That is all Wall Street needs.

If a man with money can only be induced to gamble the gamblers will get the money. It is less work and trouble for a Wall Street gambler to take over his customers' money than for a dealer to handle a deck of cards or spin a wheel.

Somehow the public are becoming convinced of the fact that Wall Street is nothing but a big gambling house, and that anybody who goes there to gamble is sure to lose. The Evening World has been trying its best for a long time to impress upon its readers that they had better save time and worry and give their money away than speculate in stocks.

Whatever the reason—whether The Evening World's arguments or the superior attraction of other forms of gambling or increased expenditure in other directions, or a general reaction against gambling folly—Wall Street is not doing as much business this summer as usual.

The brokers are complaining of hard times. The harder times the Wall Street brokers have the more money will be left in the pockets of the men who earned it.

But Wall Street does not submit acquiescently to dull business. It follows the tactics of the uptown gamblers. It employs touts. It sends around alluring circulars of how to get rich quick. It even sends persuaders to men with a little money to induce them to part with it.

Wall Street's coaxing should fall upon deaf ears. Its blandishments should be met with a stony heart and a tightly sealed pocketbook.

If stocks were really worth more than Wall Street brokers are trying to sell them for they would not be allowed to go out of Wall Street except at a higher price. Only legitimate businesses run a bargain counter. No gambling house has clearance sales of chips, and intrinsically the chips made of genuine ivory are worth more than the linen paper on which Wall Street prints.

If the general public only persists in keeping out of Wall Street the big gamblers may be forced to go into some legitimate business. Instead of finding it so profitable to unload stocks and bonds on the public they may conclude that it is better in the long run to manage a great railroad economically, safely and efficiently. They may find that a legitimate manufacturing business is more remunerative than a speculative trust, that the production of useful commodities pays better dividends than the printing of gilt stock certificates.

That lesson the public must teach them, and the public is making a good beginning by resisting Wall Street's coaxing.

Letters from the People.

The Servant Problem Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In a couple of months the annual rush to secure servants will begin. And, probably, the usual number of people will break up home life and go to hotels because they can't find servants. Why can't girls have some sense enough to realize that domestic service at \$2 a month with board and lodging free and occasional clothing thrown in, is a far better, more prosperous career than factory or store work at \$6 or \$8 a week? Let readers talk this over. It's a timely subject.
Mrs. JOHN S.

See World Almanac, Page 252.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find the method or usual way of procuring a marriage license in New Jersey or New York and the marriage laws, &c.? L. B.

No marriage license is required in New York State, and only of non-residents in New Jersey.
Stars Here and in the Tropics.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I've read several queries about the so-called Edison star and your correct reply that there is no Edison star. Whenever any particularly bright star appears that query always comes up. Just now it is doubtless caused by the unusual size and brilliancy of Mars in the southeastern heavens every evening. It is, however, less bright than many stars in the tropics.
ASTRA.

War Dept., Washington, D. C.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where could I apply for enlistment information in the Engineer Corps of the United States Army? W. C.
Union Hill, N. J.

Dangerous Dogs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why does not the city compel owners of dogs to keep them muzzled during the months of July and August? Last evening my son, a child of eleven years of age, was walking on Broadway and One Hundred and Third street with some other children when a dog

led by its owner, jumped and bit his hand. The owner then ran away, to protect the dog. Cannot the people be protected in matters of this kind?

Money-Greed and the Crime Wave.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Commissioner Bingham is issuing appeals to mothers and young women to stay at home and thus help stifle the wave of crime. The Commissioner could do a lot toward this end if he would enforce the laws against owners and agents of apartment houses who rent them to disreputable women because it pays better than renting to decent people.
J. P. G.

Legal Aid Society, 230 Broadway.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I worked for a boss for some time and I did not get any pay and he refuses to pay me. Where can I apply for redress?
J. F. F.

Remembers "Lost" Station.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to "S. R. H. of Hackensack," who says people laugh at her for saying she remembers an "L" station at West Eleventh and Greenwich streets, I would say I too distinctly remember an "L" station situated there. But it was there only a short time. I also attended Grove street school, like herself. Miss Brownbush being principal at the time. S. R. H. is correct in her statement. S. D. LANE.
Point Pleasant, N. J.

He is Married.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
To settle a dispute: Is Ketten married? In a club of twenty we are about equally divided on the subject. Part of us say he must be married or he could not understand so well the trials of the average married man's day of rest. The others say he certainly is not married or he would never dare express himself so truthfully in his day of rest cartoons. We are all married. All of us agree on one thing: they are busy.
JOSEY (in need of a day of rest).

The Last Laugh.

By Maurice Ketten.



Love and Bad Temper.

It happens often in lovers' quarrels that umbrage is taken without sufficient cause, that offense is imagined where the offending party is altogether guiltless of malice aforethought. He or she sees that the beloved is provoked, and, unconscious of wrong intent, is at a loss to understand the injured air, to account for the cloud upon the sunshine of love's bright day.

It is difficult to apologize, still more so to atone, when one has no idea wherefore atonement is expected. In this case it probably is the best plan to smile and never refer to the trouble, trusting that the cloud may blow over, and matters right themselves. There are people who are adept at walking around an apology, and considering it made, and since "least said soonest mended," this is good practice when it can be done.

Many, if not most, of the quarrels between lovers are caused by jealousy, and this often is unprovoked. When it is well grounded it is wise to cry "quits," since a jealous nature and one who gives occasion for jealousy are not likely to walk together agreed. Better let either man or woman go free than be bound by the galling cords of jealous love.

Jealousy is closely kin to jealousy, and is quite as fatal as a peevish destroyer. Edwin sees Angelina chatting amiably with a man whom she has

known for years. He watches them with an eagle eye, and says to her later on: "What made that fellow hold your hand so long when he spoke to you? I saw how he looked at you!" Angelina naturally feels injured and indignant, since she has exchanged only an ordinary handshake with her old friend, but Edwin's mind is a suspicious one, and so something like a quarrel ensues.

Men apparently are more suspicious in love affairs than are women—a fact which readily is accounted for by their having a fuller knowledge of their own sex than it falls to the lot of women to acquire. Or perhaps it may be owing to a lack of the proverbial intuition of women by which they jump at conclusions, often right ones. Whatever is the cause, the lover will be wise to banish the first signs of suspicion from his mind and take for his motto: "Trust me all in all, or not at all."

An exacting love is one which usually proves a hard taskmaster. It demands undivided and unremitting attention, devotion kept, so to speak, constantly at boiling point in order to satisfy its requirements. All this is exhausting. Man is a creature of moods, women even more so, and it is impossible to have a perpetual high tide of emotion. The lover who expects to find his sweetheart ready to respond to his passionate ecstasies at every hour of the day is drawing heavily upon a fund which, judiciously administered, would last for a lifetime. Chicago Tribune.

Washington's Hard Luck.

A letter to the Philadelphia Ledger from Admiral George W. Melville, United States Navy (retired), calls attention to the decay of the statue of Washington at the portals of Independence Hall. Slowly but surely rain and snow, heat and cold have sapped the life of the marble which, forty years ago, was fashioned by Joseph Bailey into a likeness of Washington. The Ledger quotes a sculptor as saying that one more severe winter will ruin the statue if repairs are not speedily made.

Bill Hustle, of Harlem. £2 £2 £2 By H. Methfessel.



Gertrude Barnum Talks To Girls

ABOUT OBSTACLES.
THE other day, when I went out to a cooperative vacation house, I found all the girls I knew betting vigorously on a girl they called "Billy" for the field day obstacle race. Fudge, ice-cream sodas and chocolate sundaes were being staked upon this girl with reckless prodigality.

"Why do you call her Billy?" I asked.

"Well," explained one of my friends, "when she's up against anything all she ever says is, 'Where there's a will there's a way.' We got to calling her 'Wayward Willie' then it came down to 'Billy.' You see?"

"And why are you so certain she'll win the obstacle race?" I inquired next.

"Because Billy just does on obstacles," said her chum. "She cries for them."

"She thinks no family should be without them. She likes to put them up and then walk right over or under or around or through them as though it were easy. No one is in it with her when it comes to obstacles."

"You should have seen her yesterday afternoon," said another girl. And then they all related an incident which made me feel that their confidence in Billy was not misplaced.

It seems that on the previous day several of them, feeling it fabulously warm in the house, sought the breeziest hill on the grounds for relief. No sooner had they settled themselves comfortably, however, than the spiders and ants began to creep and crawl over them in hordes. Their only choice seemed to be between roasting in doors or being pestered by ants and spiders out of doors, until Billy made the simple suggestion:

"Hammocks!"

Simultaneously, ignominiously, those girls deserted that hill, fleeing with shrieks and walls, before the attacking hosts of insects. The only one who preserved any thought of resistance was Billy, though, after a short, sharp battle she retreated for the time being. In half an hour she appeared with a large roll of mosquito netting and a huge umbrella.

"Bring an umbrella and come on back," she said. "We'll fix the bugs and the bumblebees. Where there's a will there's a way."

Waving her umbrella heroically, she led the way, "forward and upward," to recapture the hill from the enemy.

In no time the two friends were revelling in the cool breezes, entirely free at last from the ills to which their flesh had been heir. High above all creeping things their hammock swung, while the umbrellas and netting furnished insect-proof canopies which completely baffled the flying, buzzing, stinging creatures of the upper air.

"Do you wonder we bet on Billy for the obstacle race?" asked the girls. I did not.

A Will and a Way.

The taste for obstacles is not common. Few of us "try for them." We seldom hunt them up. And usually, when they block our paths, we just sit down before them and complain loudly, which, of course, has no effect upon the obstacle. As we reflect a little, however, we realize that there must have been, through all the ages, a number of persons who cultivated the taste for overcoming difficulties. Otherwise we should all to-day be still fighting bears and Indians and cannibals, as well as snakes and wasps. And the more we think of it the more we can see that there is nothing better that any of us can do when confronted with an obstacle, than to follow Billy's example and get under or over or around or through it with as much wit and alacrity as possible.

Why should we sit stupidly suffering the fierce heat of life without making an effort to reach the pleasant hills? Why should we submit, mere prey to creeping griefs and crawling horrors, when we might swing up high above them? Why not encompass ourselves and our fellows with a web of hope and faith, which will make us oblivious of the small stings and smart that come buzzing about all human life?

Why not, like Billy, enter for our obstacle races, with courage and joy and win them with intelligence and perseverance?

THE STORY of the STREETS OF NEW YORK

By J. Alexander Patten, An Old New Yorker.

On Broadway Near Thirteenth Street.

UP IN Broadway, near Thirteenth street, was the house of Judge Roosevelt. The house on the southwest corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street was also a Roosevelt home. The Judge was a very distinguished public man, held important offices, and with his highborn and stately wife moved in the most fashionable society. For many years he wore a claret colored cloak in which he appeared at the theatre or opera, always looking a good deal bored, while his wife was a beautiful picture of an animated and laughing queen.

The Judge was very rich, but so peculiar that I have seen him accept a bun to eat in a fashionable baker's shop. He could be seen seated in an old willow chair, with a worn cushion, near a window, looking over his private accounts.

In trying the celebrated Mason will case, involving millions of property in this city, he took the paper with the findings of the jury, turned it several times, and then announced in a calm whisper a verdict that turned a young man present from a pauper into a millionaire.

He was very particular that witnesses should give clear answers, but when lawyers asked him about cases in which he was engaged he generally answered: "Oh, I don't remember."

Another lawyer who always attracted attention on Broadway was David Dudley Field, brother of Cyrus W. Field, and two other distinguished brothers. He was a tall man, broad shouldered, and walked erect with the show of physical and intellectual power. He had the distinction of being one of the codifiers of the State laws, was a great authority and writer on international law, and received a fortune in fees in a single case that aroused much comment.

He lived in a large brownstone house next door to his brother Cyrus. In the basement of the latter's house there assembled one evening Peter Cooper, who lived just round the corner; Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts and others, all living in that part of the city, and subscribed the money that started the Atlantic telegraph cable. The scene is shown in a picture hung in the Cooper Union.

James T. Brady was a mighty great lawyer who used to come striding along Broadway. He was thickset and of the medium height, and had the largest head of any man at the bar. One day a lawyer in a hurry to court secured a hat from the table, and when he put it on his head at the door it came down over his eyes. He came back with it in much confusion, while Brady and others had difficulty in suppressing their mirth.

At the trial of Sickles for the murder of Key, in Washington, Brady, a close friend and professional associate of Sickles, made the greatest speech of his life that resulted in an acquittal.

The "Last" Staten Island Mosquito.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

("The last Staten Island mosquito has been exterminated."—Item)
THE last Staten Island mosquito has gone to his long, long rest. For with kerosene oil and a great deal of toll the islanders put out the

From Kriesscherville, Clifton and Richmond to old Mr. Kull's famous Kill. In spite of the rumors of anti-land boomers, no "skeet" has presented a bill. The natives are restive in Richmond because they've endured it so long. They can't go to sleep on their pillows except to the skeeters' sleep song:

Go to sleep, commuter! Go to sleep, my own!
Room the smoke will shift across from old Bayonne.
When the smoke comes drifting out across the Kill
That's the only time the skeeter must keep still!

The last Staten Island mosquito's abandoned his life-long toll—No longer he fools over green, slimy pools which are fixed up with Standard Oil. He packed up his trunk and his camping out bunk, his hammock of flimsiest moss.

And then he was carried, municipal-ferried, to York he was hurried across. Where once he drank gore in a manner galore, he now on retiring, cursed. And mournfully said if he soon woke up dead to put it right up to the trust.

"Go to sleep, mosquito!" Standard Oil cans whine;
"What if Rockefeller has to stand a fine!"
"Little stocks to water, drops of kerosene,"
"Good-by, little skeeter, with the disposition mean!"

Plunge oh! When the "last one" drains the oil cup to the dregs,
Don't forget it's laid about a billion skeeter eggs.

Suspenders as Life Savers.

A YOUNG maker, who had returned with a companion after an ascent of the Plan Aiguille, near Chamoin, in the Alps, was caught by the branch of a tree after falling nearly 50 feet and held aloft by his suspenders, the strength of which he owes his life. His companion fell 5,000 feet and was picked up with nearly every bone in his body broken.